

The trauma of no internet connection

Reflections on losing my 'umbilical cord'.... As of Friday, we lost our Internet connection due to changes that are being made to our system and I have managed to survive for 48 hours without checking in every 10 minutes. On Friday night, my wife and myself both spent time reading, we decided to have a technology-free time, and found that we had quite a lot to say to each other concerning the books we were both reading.

We also decided to have a television-free evening, as indeed we mostly did on Saturday; I have to say that it was refreshing and I have perhaps distanced myself from technology to a small extent, though I don't now how I would manage it. I didn't even have my mobile phone to check your message here and there. In all honesty, it's mostly advertising stuff not directed at me but I feel the need to keep in touch but I'm not quite sure about the validity of this for important things, including my state of mind which seems to need daily tuning in order to survive.

I'm becoming increasingly involved and indeed intrigued in the topic of trauma and am due to give a talk to a group of doctors and clinicians in September. I hope that by that time, the subject matter will be so embedded in my mind that I will not need to refer to notes. I find it much more impressive when I watch speakers to see them directly talking to the audience rather than looking down all the time. I think more and more people are traumatised, or are associated with situations where trauma takes place, and that the need for looking at this subject will become more and more important. I do not think that doctors and clinicians will have had an enormous amount of allocation to this topic in their training. So as an aware member of the public, perhaps I can make up for this in some small manner even as an intelligent observer. I

must make it quite clear at the start that I'm not a qualified clinician but an observer, the man on the Clapham omnibus.